

The Guide to Holiness.

MARCH 1858.

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

A STARVING WOMAN.—A lady, passing down Broadway, near Fourteenth street, a few days since, when opposite a butcher's stand, was startled by the excited appearance of an intelligent-looking woman rushing toward her, with clasped hands and a look of despair, exclaiming, "I am hungry, I am hungry!" Stepping inside the store, the lady procured for her some potatoes and a piece of meat. The hungry woman quickly gathered the potatoes into her pocket, and then seizing the bloody meat, put it to her lips, and *ate it to the bone!* then, saying, "I must take this home to Eddie," rushed wildly from the store, leaving the salesman and the lady astounded. Incredible as this seems, we have every reason to believe it true.—[Times.]

LABORS OF REV. C. G. FINNEY.—The Rev. Mr. Finney commenced labors in this city about seven weeks since. His preaching services have been distributed between the Park-street, Salem-street, Pine-street, and Shawmut-avenue churches—chiefly the three former.

His discourses have been mostly directed to the members of the churches, designing to bring them up to a more elevated standard of Christian faith and activity. The results have been in accordance with their evident design and adaptation—deep convictions of shortcomings and delinquencies on the part of professing Christians, and, in instances not a few, of great spiritual conflicts for a higher mode of Christian life.

The preaching has been of a character fitted greatly to search the foundations of religious hopes, and to discover to many the fact that their hopes of salvation, hitherto indulged, were on a foundation of sand.

The influence of the truths presented to professing Christians has been of a most salutary character—enlightening, bumbling, quickening, strengthening; so that, should his labors terminate at the present point, they will have been of inestimable value to the cause of Christ. Although but a few of the churches and pastors are directly identified with the special efforts connected with Mr. Finney's

labors, there are few, if any, of the Orthodox Congregational churches in the city or vicinity, which are not represented, more or less numerously, at the frequent preaching services, and at the meetings for prayer. The quickening impulses imparted at these services, are being again imparted, by those in attendance, to other circles of influence, to the honor of Christ, and the interest and strengthening of Zion, in all the region round about.

Hitherto, but a very few sermons have been addressed, chiefly to the impenitent. The last evening, at Park-street Church, the discourse was more particularly designed for those who are yet "dead in sin;" the text, Luke xix. 10, "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." The house was filled above and below—pews and aisles—but not being as well ventilated as usual, and being much warmer, the atmosphere became oppressive, occasioning a little restiveness before the close of service. The service, however, was marked by deep solemnity and interest, and it may be confidently hoped, through the grace of Christ, with saving benefit to some whom he came "to seek and to save."

GENERAL HAVELOCK.—It was not the boast of this brilliant officer that he had won renown as a soldier which will place his name beside those of Wolfe and of Abercrombie, of Moore and of Napier. He looked for a higher reward than those which are bestowed by earthly sovereigns. The objects of his ambition were not the glittering of baubles, of stars and ribbons. It was rather his study to lay his brightest laurels and proudest trophies at the foot of the cross of Christ, to give all the glory to the Almighty Potentate whose he was, and whom he served—to him who girded him for his great enterprise, and with whom there was laid up a crown, one ray of which must pale the lustre of all worldly coronets. From an early period of his distinguished career, he avowed himself on the Lord's side. He was "not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," even when it was branded as Methodism, for it was his constant aim so to conduct himself as to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. "Havelock's saints" were as proverbial for their courage and good conduct as Cromwell's Ironsides. He was a commander who lived in the hearts of his soldiers, and for whom, and with whom, they were prepared to dare every danger, and encounter every toil.

DEATH OF BISHOP WAUGH.—Our venerable senior bishop died on Tuesday, the 9th instant, at one o'clock, A. M., at his residence in Baltimore. He had been suffering for some time from a severe attack having apoplectic symptoms, but was considered convalescent and out of danger. At about one o'clock, of the above date, he suddenly groaned aloud, as if in pain, and as his wife attempted to change his position to relieve the distress, he replied, "Never mind, my dear," and after this spoke no more. His physician, Dr. Dulin, was called, but, ere he could reach the place, the spirit had fled. He died of disease of the heart, to which he had long been subject, and which had caused sufferings of which few would entertain even a suspicion from his uniform bland and pleasant expression. His last illness was supposed to be brought on by excessive labor at a protracted meeting at Carlisle.

THE SINNER AND THE TEMPTER.—When the late Rev. John Thomas was one day addressing a crowd of natives on the bank of the Ganges, he was accosted by a Brahmin, as follows: "Sir, don't you say that the devil tempts men to sin?" "Yes," answered Mr. Thomas. "Then," replied the Brahmin, "certainly the fault is the devil's; he, therefore, and not man, ought to suffer the punishment." When he said this, the countenances of many of the natives, showed their approbation of what the Brahmin had said.

Mr. Thomas, observing a boat, with several men on board, descending the river, said, "Brahmin, do you see yonder boat?" "Yes." "Suppose I were to send some of my friends, and tell them to destroy every person on board, and bring me everything valuable in the boat; who ought to suffer the punishment? I, for instructing them, or *they* for doing this wicked act?" "Why," answered the Brahmin, with emotion, "you ought all to be put to death together." "Ay, Brahmin," replied Mr. Thomas, "and if you and the devil sin together, the devil and you will be punished together."

THE HUMBLE HOME.—Are you not surprised to find how independent of money, peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed into the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture, and sumptuous accommodation of a mansion; but, if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.—[Rev. C. Hamilton.]

A CHINESE INDICATION.—One of the Presbyterian missionaries in China, says:—"There are doubtless many who are unsatisfied with the prevailing forms, and are seeking to satisfy the demands of their religious feelings elsewhere. An interesting instance has lately come to our knowledge. The father of Yeh, the notorious Governor-General of Canton, professes to worship only one God, and, the Chinese say, very much after the custom of foreigners. He does not worship images; his position makes his sect, if it may be so called, an object of interest. It has been in Canton about five years, and numbered at first only a few tens, but at present is numbered by hundreds. It would be exceedingly interesting to know definitely the tenets of this new form of religion. It is producing no little inquiry, and its similarity to the doctrines of Christianity are especially noticed. It is quite common to hear the doctrines of Jesus highly praised, and it is sometimes hinted, that the sacred book of foreigners has a very different standard of morality from that which they practise."

EDITORS' DRAWER.

CAN'T FIND.—We would call the special attention of all who have corresponded with us on business, to the article on Guide Cover, under the above caption. Discontinuances and changes have been ordered, and monies have been remitted on the account of persons whose names we CANNOT FIND; and this, perhaps, in consequence of omitting the name of Post Office, County, and State, or some other like neglect. It is impossible for us to keep our books straight without attention to these matters. Will those who write in reply to the information here solicited, be kind enough to affix the letters C. F. to their communications, that we may know to what their letters refer.

REVIVALS AND HOLINESS IN ROCK RIVER CONFERENCE.—The following, from Dr. Redfield, dated Marengo, Ill., will be read with interest:

You may be interested to hear that under the labors of Rev. D. H. Sherman, (who was transferred from your conference, two or three years ago,) a most precious revival of holiness was promoted in St. Charles, about forty miles from this place, that has continued summer and winter, with its usual success, in the conversion of sinners. At the last camp-meeting in September, at St. Charles, five or six of the preachers received the blessing of perfect love, and, as a result of their labors under God, the whole country

around is blessed with extensive revivals, while the Macedonian cry from many quarters is, "Come over and help us."

We are having in this place, a sample of what is passing like prairie fires all over the country. Long before the hour of service, the church is filled, and many come from five to fifteen miles. Almost every standing place is occupied, and hundreds are compelled to leave without entering the church, which is a large country village church.

From thirty to fifty each night press their way through the crowd, as seekers of justification. Many of those who experienced religion at first, are now rejoicing in the fulness of salvation, and the work is evidently on the increase; and at the present rate of increase of power and extent with which the work is progressing, I cannot think it visionary to expect a complete revolution in Rock River conference, before many years.

A very interesting revival had been in progress for a month or more before our visit under the labors of their pastor, J. P. Vaune, a convert from the legal profession. He is a fearless advocate of Methodism. That revival was evidently reaching the descending plane, when the doctrine of holiness gave it a fresh impetus, and the results are truly glorious.

Yours affectionately,

J. W. REDFIELD.

CHEAP LITERATURE.—There has been much said and written, of late years, on the subject of cheap literature, and vigorous efforts have been made to reduce the price of religious publications. That much may be done in this direction with safety, we have no manner of doubt; indeed, very much has been already done; but the tendencies of the age are to extremes, and we think that the developments of the past year or two will show that our zeal in this regard has not been according to knowledge. Especially has this been true of religious periodicals. Prompted, in some instances, by the popular cry, and, in others, by an emulation to outdo every one else in the amount of reading matter furnished for the money, there was a general reduction made, a few years since, in their subscription price; religious weeklies were reduced from \$2 to \$1.50, and, in some instances, to \$1.25; and monthlies were either enlarged in size, or reduced, by payment of large premiums, to the lowest average rates. Now what has been the conse-

quence? Why, many of them have ceased to exist, and others are trying, though they find it no easy matter, to reoccupy their former position and price. The reason of all this is self-evident. The principle on which the change was made is a false one. It was based on the presumption that, if furnished at the same rates that the world supplied reading matter for its the demand for the former would at least approximate to the demand for the latter. Devoutly as this may be desired, it cannot be looked for in fact, and, until we draw a little nearer to the millennium, we must not be surprised if we find that periodicals, pandering to worldly lusts, can be afforded a little cheaper than those pointing to a holy life, and communicating that which will nourish the soul, and meet the cravings of an immortal mind. Who will doubt, that the latter is *worth more* than the former?

We were led to these reflections by reading an article in one of our exchanges on the subject of resuming old prices. It reminded us of efforts no doubt well intentioned, to induce us to try the popular experiment of reduction in the subscription price of the Guide, a suggestion, which, if complied with, would, we are satisfied, have nearly, if not quite, worked out our downfall. We have made several changes which, we doubt not, have satisfied our readers of our desire to give the largest possible equivalent for the money received, and we assure all concerned that these improvements shall continue to be made as fast as our circulation will render it safe to do so. The Guide to Holiness shall be second to no periodical of its size in price and real merit, if we are able to prevent it.

We have been long contemplating a uniform reduction to clergymen, and should have announced some modification on this point with our January issue, had not the monetary derangement of the country rendered it unsafe to attempt experiments of any kind. We hope, however, by July, to make some change in this direction, so as to get our monthly more extensively circulated among the clergy. To our proposition to circulate sample copies of the Guide among members of Conferences through some clerical brother, we have received one response. We hope soon to hear from others; and, where the thing cannot be reached through this channel, we would be grateful to brethren who would send us the address of the ministers in their several localities.

THERE'LL BE NO PARTING THERE.

Arranged and Harmonized for the GUIDE, by REV. W. Mc DONALD.

1. Far from these scenes of night, Un - bound-ed glo-ries rise,
CHORUS. There'll be no part-ing there, There'll be no parting there:

2. Fair land! could mor-tal eyes But half its charms ex-plore,
CHORUS. There'll be no parting, &c.

3. No cloud those re-gions know, Realms ev-er bright and fair;
CHORUS. There'll be no parting, &c.

4. O may the pros-peet fire Our hearts with ardent love,
5. Pre-pared, by grace di-vine, For thy bright courts on high,

And realms of joy and pure delight, Un-known to mor-tal eyes.
In heaven a-lone, no sorrow's know, There'll be no part-ing there.

How would our spir-its long to rise, And dwell on earth no more.

For sin, the source of mortal woe, Can nev-er en-ter there.

Till wings of faith, and strong desire, Bear eve-ry thought a-bove.
Lord, bid our spir-its rise and join The cho-rus of the sky.

Forever with the Lord.

1
Forever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

3
So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

2
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

4
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
Forever with the Lord!

The Power of Perfect Love in Usefulness.

A LETTER FROM A MOTHER TO HER SON.

[Concluded.]

ON Saturday, 9th, the camp meeting was formally closed; but many of the Union company remained till Monday, and a number of others stayed with them. On Saturday night, Brother E— remarked, in the prayer-meeting, that, on the coming day, there would be a great work for us to do, as there were comparatively few of us to labor; and it would be necessary for us to be clothed with divine power, that one might chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. A multitude of unconverted persons would be on the ground, and we must pray God to give us power to prevail with them to be reconciled to Christ. We thought, indeed, when we saw them coming the next day, and looked at our "two loaves and a few small fishes," "What are these among so many?" But we knew our omnipotent Lord could make them sufficient. So he did. Blessed be his holy name.

On Sabbath morning, I arose early, and walked some distance from the camp, that I might have a season of communion with God. I had been longing for this; for no religious communion, no privileges, however exalted and precious, can compensate for the loss of this holiest, sweetest, most precious privilege, of communing with God *alone*. O, it seemed to me more delightful than ever before. All nature was sending up her orisons. The beautiful trees, as they waved their branches in the morning breeze, were praising the great Triune. The lovely birds, flitting so joyously from tree to tree, were singing their matin songs. And, as the bright rays of the morning sun darted their radiance through the foliage, it seemed to me they were emitted from the Sun of Righteousness to cheer my heart.

O there was a sanctity, a hallowed sweetness, in that blessed Sabbath day, which

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surpassed all other Sabbaths I ever spent. As I lifted my heart to the Most High, and asked him to fill me with the Spirit, that I might be empowered to work for him, I felt it descend upon me, and I was so strengthened with might in the inner man, that I could not have hesitated to do any duty. I said, Now, Lord, I am ready to go out to battle; for thou hast equipped me for the war, and in thy strength I can do valiantly.

"Strong in the Lord of Hosts, a worm
Shall in his glorious might prevail."

I returned to the camp, and sat, for some time, on a pile of boards; lost in the contemplation of divine things, and in communion with Jesus. How clearly he made me see that, of myself, I was perfect weakness, but, through his strength, I could do all things. Overwhelmed with a sense of his stupendous love and condescending goodness, I scarcely realized where I was; for, as yet, there had nothing occurred to break the quiet of that hallowed spot, our company being hardly awake. There I sat, rapt in the most blissful meditations for some time—how long, I know not. That precious Sabbath morning, I never—never—can forget. At length, I went into our cooking department, and talked to the poor colored people about Jesus. I found one only out of six, who loved the Savior. The good Spirit helped me to talk with them, and one promised to seek the salvation of her soul.

Again I said, Lord, what wilt thou have me do? A dear sister, who had been blessed the night before, needed some instruction. I went to her with a message. She said it was a great blessing to her.

At 9 o'clock, our experience meeting commenced, and the presence of the Highest overshadowed us, it was a season of great interest and profit. Many had come expecting preaching, and they listened with deep attention to the testimonies which were given. When I arose to speak, I was looking to God for help. He indeed

gave me something to say. I never was more conscious of resting in Christ, and being under the direct guidance of his Spirit than then; but I was led in a singular manner. After relating a portion of my own experience, a message was given me to sinners, and in the strength of the Lord I delivered it.

I was only the organ of clay through which God chose to speak to the people—the power of the Spirit rested upon me. I felt it like fire in my bones. I believe I could have faced a thousand, yes, ten thousand people, without being daunted, and talked to them of Jesus, and the joys of his salvation. I have often wondered how our beloved Sister P— could stand up and talk before large congregations, and seem so undaunted. Now I understood it.

*"She sees the Lord, her keeper, stand
Omnipotently near;
Lo, he holds her by her hand,
And banishes her fear."*

That is the secret. It is not because she has so much self-confidence. O no; but because she trusts in the living God. He is her strength and her shield. Glory be to his name! While at the dinner table, some one said, Sister W— is yonder, talking with a Universalist lecturer, and a crowd is about her. I thought I would not like to be in her place; that I should be afraid to argue with a Universalist. Then I thought, again "why yes, I would, if called by God, and he filled my mouth with arguments." I went to see how Sister W. succeeded, and found she had just closed the conversation, her opponent still maintained his position, stoutly denouncing the Bible and religion, declaring that all the people in the world were sure of heaven. I had no idea of saying a word until Sister W— had ceased; then I was impelled to speak. I told him I desired to ask him a question. He replied he had no time to stay, and could not converse with me. I replied I do not wish to hold a conversation with you, only ask you a question. He hurried away, although several gentlemen urged

him to listen to my question. I then addressed the others, saying, I will ask you the question which I intended to put to the man who left us. You have been listening to the past conversation, and some of you may have been influenced by his arguments; for, although utterly false, and without foundation, the doctrine of Universalism seems plausible, and to the unrenewed and carnal heart, it is pleasing to cherish the belief, that you may indulge in all the sinful pleasures of the world as long as you live, and be sure of heaven after death. This is what you are naturally inclined to do, and perhaps many of you now cherish these sentiments, and are thereby preventing the salvation of your souls. That man is in a delusion, and I have no doubt but, at some period of his life, he has been enlightened and powerfully influenced by the Spirit of God, and now he is walking in darkness, and perhaps is given up to believe a lie, that he may be damned; because he has pleasure in unrighteousness. Possibly he may once have known the way of righteousness, and has departed from it; for apostates generally become the darkest and most hardened in sin. "Yes," replied some one, "that man was a Methodist for seven years." I replied, this is the secret of his blindness of mind, and I fear, from his present position, he is given up by the Holy Spirit to believe a lie. But the question I was about to ask is this. Admitting the possibility that Universalism is true, and that no place of punishment is for the wicked, will not Christians be as well off as others? Will it be any disadvantage to them that they have loved and served God? You answer, Certainly it will be as well with them as with others. Now I ask, supposing Christianity to be true, and Universalism false,—suppose there should be a place of punishment, as the Bible declares, and the wicked should be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God, who then will be on safe ground? Will not sinners find themselves in a sad condition then?

The countenances of all seemed to indicate an affirmative answer. Then I said, how wise it would be for you all to secure an interest in Christ to-day! If religion can do you no harm, but will make you much happier, even in this life, and give you good security for an inheritance in heaven, is it not the best thing you can do to embrace it now? Then I commenced singing,

"We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,

Will you go?"

Some of the brethren and sisters joined me, and we sang it in good earnest; for the Holy Spirit helped us. Many looked deeply serious. One fine-looking gentleman, as he approached our circle, looked at me with an expression of contempt and derision, making a remark to some one beside him, but, as I was singing, "Will you go?" I prayed, "Lord, send it to his heart!" Then, fixing my eye upon him, I repeated the words, "Will you go?" His countenance fell. He looked as if an arrow had pierced his heart. He stood and listened with a solemn countenance. After the second verse was sung, I said, "Will you go?" Jesus, your Redeemer, asks, "Will you go?" The Holy Spirit asks, "Will you go?" God has sent us his servants to ask, "Will you go?" This may be the last time the question will be asked, "Will you go?" You may never again be invited to heaven. O, will you go? We sang the other verses; then one of the brethren prayed with much power. God was evidently influencing the hearts of the people, and we afterwards had the joy of seeing several of them bow at the foot of the cross, and give themselves to Christ. Sister W— was eminently useful and successful in bringing souls to Jesus. She labored most faithfully, and, I have no doubt, will have many stars in her crown from that camp meeting. When I turned from this group, I saw several men sitting near, and looking serious. I felt

urged to go to them. Two of them were intemperate, and looked as if they were very poor and wretched. They were brothers. My mission was to them; and, while talking to them, I saw they felt deeply. They were sober, and understood themselves perfectly. After pleading with them for a long time to set their faces toward heaven, one of them gave me his hand, and said, in a solemn manner, "I will promise you to set out for heaven this very day. I promise now I will meet you there, and think I will know you when I see you in heaven." He said he would go into the prayer-meeting, and kneel with the mourners; but had made an engagement, and was obliged to leave. His brother also left, but promised to return in the evening. He came to the meeting, and was converted before the meeting closed. His wife, who is a pious woman, was seated by him when he was blessed, and seemed overwhelmed with joy. "O," said she, "I have been praying for him so many years, and he has come at last." They both expressed much gratitude to me for the interest I had taken in him. I never, I think, will forget his look when he took my hand to bid me farewell. I expect to meet him and his brother in the kingdom above. Several men and some females were blessed that night. We closed up with an experience meeting which was deeply interesting.

Several of our company, who had not before obtained the desire of their hearts, arose, and told us they had, that evening, entered into full liberty. Among these, was our dear W. B.— During the whole camp meeting, he had appeared sad, thirsting for full salvation; but, not being able to realize it on Saturday, he said, "O, Sister J—s, I must have this full baptism of the Holy Ghost. I cannot do the work God calls me to, I cannot preach the gospel unless I am wholly sanctified."

On Sabbath evening, he arose, his face beaming with holy joy, and said, "Now I know God has wrought in my heart that

great work I have so long desired. I am wholly the Lord's. My soul is full. I feel ready for whatever God calls me to do.

About midnight, Brother E— said, "It is now time to close our meeting." Just then, Sister W— brought in a man who was stricken by the Holy Spirit, and we had to stay and pray for him. She left him with us, and went to seek for more of the wounded, and directly brought in another. We prayed for them till nearly three o'clock in the morning; but they were not blessed. Next morning, one of them was converted, and the other promised never to give up seeking till he should find Jesus.

Nearly all our company went down, about ten o'clock in the morning, to Pennsgrove, as it was raining, and they thought it best to be at the hotel when the boat would be ready to leave at four P. M. But Sister W— said, "There is no need of hurrying off. I mean to stop and pray for this poor man, one of those awakened the night before. We can go into the preacher's tent, and be sheltered from the rain, and he may be blessed." I replied, I will stay and help you, Sister W—. Several remained with us. The poor man knelt down, and we were praying for him. Suddenly, Sister W— disappeared, and returned with another penitent. There were also two young men who were earnestly seeking entire sanctification,—one a class-leader from Harrisburgh; he was lamenting that he had come all the way from H— purposely to obtain this great blessing; and now he must go home without it. We replied he need not go empty away. Then Sister M. C— talked with him, while some of us were praying with the penitents, and she was so enabled to explain the way of faith that they both laid hold of the blessing—the power of God came down and prostrated them. Soon the other two men were converted, and we had a glorious time at the preacher's stand.

Your ever loving mother.

Aunty Platt.

BY M. D. J.

THE account of "Happy Nancy," published in the February number of the Guide, exhibits, in a striking manner, the power of divine grace to render its possessor happy amid circumstances of poverty, feebleness, privation and solitude. It is touchingly beautiful, and has, doubtless, excited, in many hearts, emotions which have resulted in increased confidence in God, and closer communion with him.

This interesting narration of Happy Nancy's simple, child-like trust in God, and the comfort resulting therefrom, brought to my mind the case of an aged and happy Christian, with whom I have been acquainted for many years, residing in Mount Holly, N. J., whom we always called "Aunty Platt." She has long been dependent upon charity, living in widowhood, and alone; yet, never did I see her without a bright smile of joy upon her face, and the language of praise upon her lips.

A benevolent society, with which I was connected, supplied her with groceries, and she was visited, monthly, by some of its members. One day, a lady who called to ascertain Aunty Platt's wants, was greeted, as usual, with a smile; and, in reply to her salutation, "Well, Aunty Platt, how do you do?" she said—"Why, bless the Lord, I'm pretty well, I thank you. I was right sick this morning when I got up, and I had my washing to do, and didn't feel a bit able to do it; but I thought the Lord know'd I had it to do, and he could give me strength, and so I jest kneeled right down and asked him to please to give me strength to do my washing, and I began to *feel better right away!* I went to work, and I felt so strong! The way I did flirt round them clothes, was amazin'! Why, I was jest like a gal o' sixteen! and I got 'em done directly, and felt right well ever sense. Now, how good the Lord is, *aint he?* O, bless his name. I can put all

my trust in him, and I'm so happy all the time, here alone by myself—for Jesus is here with me, night and day."

The lady said, "Well, Aunty Platt, I am very glad to see you so well, and so happy, but I have come to see what you need. I suppose you want some groceries by this time."

"Why, bless you," said the old lady, "I b'lieve I don't want anything." Her friend replied, "Have you all you need? Have you any tea?" "Well, let me see. Why, la, no; I hav'nt got a bit!" "Have you sugar?" "Well, come to think, I used the last this morning, at my breakfast." "Have you molasses?" "Well, raily! I b'lieve I'm out o' that, too." "Are you out of butter, too?" "La, yes; I haint got a bit." Upon further inquiry, she found she was destitute of nearly everything.

"Well," said her friend, "I think you need a good many things, Aunty Platt, and I will try to supply you."

How beautifully expressive of that dear old saint's experience, is the sweet verse,

"The Lord my Shepherd is!
I shall be well supplied,
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?"

In the source of infinite good—the fulness of His love, whose smile creates a heaven—she felt, even in her destitution, that she "possessed all things" necessary to her happiness,—and, forgetting that the frail tenement needed sustenance, she thought only of the supplies of the soul, with which she was so abundantly satisfied.

Trenton, N. J.

FILLED WITH GOD.—"Once I dreamed of being transported to heaven, and, being surprised to find myself so calm and tranquil in the midst of my happiness, inquired the cause. The reply was—When you were on earth, you resembled a bottle but partly filled with water, which was agitated by the least motion, now you are like the same bottle filled to the brim, which cannot be disturbed."—[Payson.]

Distinction between Justification and Entire Sanctification.

Extract from a Sermon.

By Rev. JOSEPH HARTWELL.

JUSTIFICATION is a law term, and in its *literal*, or *legal* sense, signifies only pardon—a change of relation—the removal of the *guilt* of sin. But, in its evangelical sense, it means the same as regeneration. Using the term in *this* sense, I will say that it seems that the distinction between justification and sanctification, must be clear, should I, at this point, only say, that sanctification is the removal from the heart, of those remains of moral evil, of which the justified believer complains. By it, the remains of inherent pollution are purged away; unhallowed emotions, passions and propensities, are removed, and "the dire root and seed of sin," destroyed. The heart is "purified from all iniquity," and "filled with the fulness of God." And, having purified his temple, the Holy Ghost comes and *dwells* therein, moving and controlling the heart as never before, Love rules in all the principles, passions, and emotions of this renewed being. He finds, in his daily experience, that God reigns supreme in his affections—and so sweetly does he prove that "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

Justification destroys the *power* and *control* of sin—sanctification, its *inbeing*—justification is the binding the strong man armed—sanctification is the casting him out and *spoiling his goods*.

When the soul is justified—(regenerated)—"the love of God is shed abroad" in it; and power is received to *resist* all up-risings of enmity, so as not to yield, and sin. When sanctified, the soul is "filled with love"—is "perfected in love," and the *principle* of enmity is destroyed—ceases to exist; so that the soul not only has victory over it, but is *free from* it. The old man is not only slain, but the body of death is cast far away, leaving the soul to

breathe the pure atmosphere of heaven. The same is true of unhallowed desires. The justified, in the hour of temptation, sometimes *desires* some of the pleasures and indulgencies of Egypt. But the soul truly sanctified, has no such desires, but longs only for the fruit of Canaan. The justified soul, sometimes, when tempted, is conscious of a *wish* that to yield were lawful. But the soul fully sanctified, rejoices in the prohibition, and practises self-denial with *cheerfulness*. He glories in the cross, and counts "the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt." He desires to prosper only in connection with the cause of Christ. If Zion mourns, he seeks his happiness in suffering with her. Jerusalem is his "chief joy."

The soul sanctified is sweetly *subdued*. His will is in *subjection*—is *lost* and swallowed up in God's. In the midst of the greatest disappointments and afflictions, his heart says "not my will, but thine be done."

He wishes to *do* what God would have him do—to *be* what God would have him be—and to be just *where* God would have him—whether in the place agreeable to his natural feelings, or from which those feelings would naturally revolt—whether in Arabia, Feejee, or Nova Zembla—whether among associates agreeable, or naturally repulsive. *The will of God* is the only question with him. He knows that, where *that* would place him, would be for *him* the best place in the world—he has learned that,

"While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none."

The holy calm, and sweet repose of his soul enables him, even in the dark day of adversity, and hour of affliction, to say, "*though sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.*" He knows that he never has but *one* thing to inquire after—but one thing to *do*—and that is, the *will of the Lord just now*. He proves, that "they that trust in the Lord, shall not make haste"—shall not be anx-

ious, agitated, or confused; hence the deep peace, and sacred quiet of his soul, like the calm lake, so deeply embedded, as not to be agitated by the tempests that rage upon the surrounding mountains.

The truly justified believer, while he feels no condemnation for any wrong indulged, (as such a feeling would be inconsistent with such a state)—yet nevertheless, is conscious that he feels the need of a more *thorough purifying* as a preparation for heaven, and would be unwilling to die without it. But the soul, in the state of entire sanctification, is conscious of a *present* readiness to go; and when he lays him down to sleep, feels that it would be perfectly safe for him to wake in eternity; and if he expected to do so, would fall asleep in *glorious* hope. And why not? since he is dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord,—and "perfect love casteth out fear."

The Presence of Jesus.

BY B. S.

CHRISTIAN experience, the Sacred Word, and the Holy Spirit harmoniously witness to the omniscience, omnipotence, and omnipresence of the Lord Jesus Christ.

A frequent consideration of these divine attributes of the world's Redeemer, will mightily encourage and strengthen the sincere believer. On all occasions, however otherwise it may seem for a time, his infinite knowledge, his infinite power, and his infinite presence is being exercised to perfect the work of grace.

Is the believer beset with trouble on every hand, and almost sinking in the tempestuous sea of secular embarrassment, of painful bereavement, of wasting disease, of bitter persecutions, of sore temptations, of agonizing doubts, mingled with despair? Let him not fear; Jesus not only knows all about it, but he is possessed of "all power," and in his own good time, will say to the raging elements, "Peace, be still." Who can describe the calm that ensues? Love to

such an almighty Savior, now breaks out in songs of grateful praise. Trials only prepare the way for a richer experience. How submissively, then, should we learn to receive and endure them!

Not only all knowledge and all power exists in Jesus, but his promise, "Lo, I am with you always," is verified, and, by the faithful believer, it is constantly realized.

We should not, therefore, question the presence of Jesus when storms and clouds arise, to hide, as it were,

"our Lord from our eyes."

He is as near then, and, if possible, nearer, than at any other time. Abraham, when called to offer up Isaac, did not perceive the substitute which God had prepared, until his faith was tried to the last extremity, although it was very near to him. See Genesis xx. 13.

The Savior, for the encouragement of his disciples, was called Jesus, for at least two specified reasons. First, because he should "save his people from their sins;" and secondly, because his name, Jesus, "being interpreted, is *God with us*." How full of consolation is this fact! The presence of Jesus—"God with us!" possessing all the attributes of Diety. "Great is the mystery of godliness." "God manifest in the flesh,"—"Mighty to save,"—"With you always," saying, "Fear not, only believe." "I bear your griefs, your sins, your infirmities, and will bring you off more than conqueror." But, instead of permitting Jesus thus to "fulfil all the good pleasure of his goodness," through the means of faith and obedience in us, we question, parley, hesitate, and whirl idly about, under almost every wind that may blow upon our passions, emotions and feelings. We need not "live at this poor, dying rate." Faith in the constant presence of Jesus, will give victory in every trial, and impart a peace the world can neither give nor take away.

Give not that which is holy unto the dogs.

The Fear of Man.

BY REV. B. M. ADAMS.

NEXT to covetousness, we think the fear of man, is the secret of a vast amount of the inefficiency we see in the church.

"The fear of man bringeth a snare," is so amply illustrated, in the history of individuals, and the church, as to have become an almost universal guide to causes of declension and backsliding. The apprehension of evil from man, his opinion, influence, and example against us, though really very small in themselves, become overwhelming by the magnifying power of fear,—mole-hills swell to mountains,—pigmies tower to giants, and we shrink to grasshoppers. In the presence of danger we quake and tremble much like the ancient orator, flying from the enemy, who cried to a bramble, whose thorn had caught his robe,

"Spare me!"

This fear of man, accounts for much of the half-way dealing we see so frequent in the church—many a minister blinks the truth of the Bible, to some extent, lest some one, being offended, should lay an embargo on his support, and poverty grin at his window.

The good opinion of some men in the church, has pilloried many a good-hearted minister, who is afraid to face that opinion, with the stern, unbending truth of God, faithfully preached; and thus the poor man, chameleon-like, with one eye on heaven, and the other on earth, blunders on unsuccessful and humbled. Generally, the very thing he dreads comes upon him; if he has smoothed the rough edges, and knocked the corners from truth, for the sake of any earthly gain, he is almost sure to lose the thing he seeks.

How many humiliating illustrations do we find of this!—they teem on every side. Class-leaders, who, for fear of offending their members, allow them to drift out away from God, are sure to see a small attendance, and become unpopular just in proportion to their fearfulness. Thousand

of church members are halting and hesitating about duty; on this ground alone, they are afraid. Satan drives them as Indians do buffalo, into the den and snare of destruction.

Bad as this fear of man is, there is a most glorious remedy for it: "PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR;" and *we know* it is a perfect cure. Boldness is one of the chief characteristics of the cured soul—weak men turn to giants, ignorant men are wise, and despised ones come forth clothed with authority. O that the whole church were soundly cured of this dreadful disorder! Let us ask for this "perfect love;" then shall the old days of Christianity be more than lived over again—days of power, when the thunder of prayer shook heaven, and the onset of testimony storm'd hell,—and Christ was gloriously exalted, for "when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus."

New York, Feb. 25, 1858.

A Voice from the West.

How much reason have I to praise God that the "Guide" was ever placed in my way, and that, through its instrumentality, my feet were first directed into the highway cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in! Holiness has been to me a theme of deepest interest, and I have sometimes felt a strong impression to communicate through the Guide the way in which I was led into the enjoyment of this blessing, not only that Jesus might be glorified by my confession of his grace, but that others might be induced to walk in that shining path, which leads to the city above.

The Holy Spirit was early given to woo me from the paths of sin, and lead me in wisdom's pleasant ways; but my heart shrunk from the cross, which all must bear who expect to "gain the skies." And

thus I lingered, secretly desiring salvation, till the summer of my sixteenth year. At this time, while listening to a discourse from the words, "Whosoever shall confess me before men," etc., the Holy Spirit deeply impressed upon my heart the necessity of at once confessing Christ; and my spirit found no rest till I had decided to yield up all, and stand out fully on the Lord's side. O the glory and blessedness of that hour! Well might the angels rejoice over one whom God had been striving to win to himself, and who had now decided to be forever *his*. With what avidity I then seized upon everything which promised to help me on in my heavenward course! But still the blessing of entire holiness was not presented to me, as an object to be distinctly sought and attained, and, as a consequence, I did not press forward with definite and earnest effort to gain the glorious prize. Nearly two years thus passed away, when my attention was suddenly arrested by reading, in the "Guide," the experiences of several who had received the full baptism of fire. My impressions were also deepened by reading the Life of Mrs. Fletcher, till at length it became the all-absorbing inquiry, how shall I be holy? Is it my privilege—is it my duty, to be fully redeemed from sin?—With prayerful earnestness I turned from the writings of human authors, to the Word of Inspiration; and light from above beamed upon the sacred page, clearly revealing my privilege to enter at once upon that purchased inheritance of the saints. How strong, how intense were my desires to be made a vessel unto honor, meet for the Master's use! But the struggle was long and severe, before my soul was willing to resign *its all* to God, to be disposed of in his own way. Long and loudly did the man of sin plead for a lurking-place in my heart, but grace triumphed. Satan was dethroned; my sacrifice was presented entire, and I received the witness of the Spirit that the offering was accepted, and that the Holy One had made my heart his

in-dwelling abode. My heart was all radiant with celestial light and love.

O had I been faithful in confessing this wondrous grace, and gone on, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord, to what heights of spirituality I might now have attained! But by concealing the holy light which had begun to burn with such brilliancy on the altar of my heart, it was soon withdrawn, and I was left to wander on in a wilderness way. But there was One who, with unwearied love, still watched about my path, and hedged my way with thorns. Sickness came and laid its enfeebling hand upon me, and my spirit turned again in bitter anguish to him who alone could heal; but not until I had laid all at the "low footstool of the Crucified," was I permitted to sing in the sanctuary,—"I was brought low, and he helped me." Kindly and tenderly, since then, has the great Physician borne with and strengthened the infirmities of the *body*, while he has been healing the deeper maladies of the *soul*. During the last spring, while covenanting anew to be forever the Lord's, and pleading that gracious promise, "I will receive you," my spirit received a deeper and purer baptism than ever before. O such a sense of *purity*! I knew that it was fresh from the *Eternal Fountain*. O the sweetness, the rest, I feel in being all in harmony with the will of God. There, and there only, let me seek my rest, till called to join the white-robed band who circle the throne above, and ascribe blessing and honor and glory and power unto him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever.

L.

Appleton, Wis.

FASTING.—"Fasting is the diet of angels, the food and refection of souls, and the richest and highest element of grace and he who fasts for the sake of religion, hungers and thirsts after righteousness without a metaphor."—[South.]

Looking back is more than we can sustain, without going back.

"Lovest thou Me more than These?"

BY S.

ON a sharp, frosty night, which made the light and warmth within all the more welcome, a large and brilliant party were assembled in a gay drawing-room. The apartment was spacious, and the furniture elegant, though it had not that appearance of newness which, in this land of sudden fortunes, so often marks the abodes of the rich and affluent. There was not that glitter and want of harmony, which one often feels on entering a room where showy and costly articles of furniture are heaped together as proofs, not of the good taste, but of the wasteful extravagance of the owner. A regard to comfort, and beauty of design, had marked the original selection, and the charm of association, that sweetest poetry of domestic life, had draped every object with hallowed memories of the past. There was much to please the eye, and delight the ear; and as the gay throng, at first a compact mass, broke and dispersed in different groups, an irresistible desire seized me to follow such as most struck my fancy, and see what lessons of moral strength and power may be learned, even in places and scenes where the world reigns paramount.

A mantle of insignificance is almost equal to a veil of invisibility.—The attention of the world seldom challenges those who have few claims to its homage; and, possessing neither wealth, beauty, nor fame, I found myself as entirely unnoticed as if I had been a solitary dweller in an uninhabited wilderness. Wrapping myself up in my obscurity, I was advancing towards the centre of one of the principal rooms, when I felt a hand suddenly laid upon my shoulder. There was something in the touch that thrilled me, and as I turned to see who had bestowed this friendly token of recognition, the hand was laid upon my eyes, and, when it was removed, I found myself still standing solitary and alone. But a

new energy seemed to have been given to my being—a new sense superadded to my limited powers—a spiritual vision had been granted me, which enabled me to see the invisible and immaterial as clearly as I had before noticed the living, palpable realities around me.

On looking around me with eyes thus divinely anointed, I became conscious of the presence of a guest, who had entered unheralded, and unannounced—yet there was something in his mien which indicated no ordinary character. A kingly nobleness was in his step; a heavenly light was in his eye; but that which most powerfully impressed me, was the voice. The modulations of the human voice have ever been to me a subject of deep interest,—its varying tones of joy, grief, hope, and despair, have always had the power of awakening deep and profound emotions, but this was unlike anything I had heard before. Soft and low as the gentlest whisper, it yet thrilled the whole frame, and caused the heart to beat with quicker pulsations. It was inaudible to all but the person addressed; but the sudden start and the look of anguish, bore witness to its power.

As I followed him, we drew near to a gentleman of portly and substantial presence. It was evident, from the smiling satisfaction of his face, that he was one of those favorite nurslings, whom fortune takes into its lap, and fondles in its arms. A circle of attentive hearers gave evidence of the homage paid to successful enterprise—his opinion was asked—his judgment listened to with reverence. His mind was teeming with a project, which was to add immensely to his already large possessions—true, it might be giving a fictitious value to what was in itself worthless, involve many others in fatal ruin—but this was nothing to him. He was just expressing an opinion, on the subject, calculated to influence his hearers, as he wished, yet disclaiming any personal interest in the affair, and giving it merely as the result of an impartial and unbiased judgment. At this

moment, the unseen stranger approached and whispered in his ear, “Lovest thou me more than these?” A sudden pallor chased the color from his cheek, and his eye, forced to look inwardly, turned away from the sight presented to his view. A cold, selfish and hollow heart, bent on pursuing its own ends, and utterly regardless of the claims or interests of others. True, he gave to charitable objects, but that was only a part of his system of deception. A character for benevolence strengthened his influence, and added to his power, and he had often reaped from it more substantial benefits, than he had ever conferred. Yet he has deluded himself with the idea, that, by these means, he was fulfilling his Christian obligations, and now, in a moment, the fabric of his self-complacency was dashed to the ground. His Savior had come and claimed a service he was unwilling to render. “Lord, suffer me to bring this one speculation to a successful issue, and I will forsake the world for thee. I have so much embarked in it, my means would be so crippled if it should fail, Lord, but this once.” The Savior heard him, and passed on, but, as I looked at that man’s heart, I saw a cloud, black and dense, settle like a pall over his spirit, and a low wail murmured the words, “lost, lost forever.”

Another group now claimed my attention. A beautiful young girl, flushed with animation, and radiant with pleasure, stood in the centre of a circle of devoted admirers. Prodigal of her gifts, she freely dispensed words of hope, and smiles of encouragement, yet she felt nothing for them, not even the innocent desire of affording them a momentary pleasure. To her, they were of no more account, than so many machines. She played upon their feelings as she would have touched the chords of some musical instrument, and when they uttered responsive notes of admiration, her vanity was appeased, her thirst for conquest satisfied. But when the whispered words, “Daughter, loveth thou me more than

these?” fell upon her startled ear, she saw the selfishness of her heart, and shrank abashed from the survey. Self was the idol she had worshipped, and now, the sacrifice demanded of her was, to break the image before which she had bowed, and place her Savior in the shrine of her heart’s affections. She wavered—she hesitated—another approached whose homage had been hitherto withheld, “Lord, but this one—let him but acknowledge my power, and I will break off from the world, and own no service but thine.” A sorrowful look was the only reply, but, as the Savior moved away, a net-work of iron closed over her heart, and locked it in the unrelenting grasp of the world’s cold embrace.

Again, the Savior paused. A woman, past the bloom of youth, but still brilliant in her matured beauty, and dressed with that exquisite taste, which sets off every charm, was seated on a lounge, an object of admiration to all who beheld her, yet, as the spectator turned to look a second time, he found but little to challenge respect, or esteem. Her hard, cold eye, shone with no living fire—no furrows of thought had left their trace upon that smooth, polished brow; but trivial and ignoble pursuits, had imparted to features exquisitely chiseled, a certain mean and degrading expression. The love of dress, was her ruling passion—its ever-varying details, the constant subject of her thoughts. A combination of colors and materials, which should produce a new and startling effect, or a gracefulness of design, which should present, to the greatest advantage, the contour of the form, and the dignity of the carriage,—these were, to her, objects of engrossing interest. Every other consideration in life was subordinate to this—to outshine all others, in the beauty and the variety of her attire, and now, when she had achieved her greatest triumph, and read it in the undisguised admiration of some, and the ill-concealed envy of others, those words of power, “Lovest thou me more than these?” came like an enchant-

er’s spell, and turned all the pomp and glitter of life, to mere dust and ashes. She saw, and for once in her life she felt, the emptiness of her pursuits, the littleness of her aims. The contrast between them, and the holy requirements of God’s perfect law, appeared so clearly revealed, that she trembled with unwonted fear; but the entrance of a rival turned her mind away from the solemn thoughts that had, for a moment, possessed it. “But this one evening, Lord,” she said, in answer to the heavenly monitor, “leave me undisturbed but this one evening, and to-morrow, I will lay aside these gay ornaments, and remember thy claims.” Ere the words were uttered, the Savior had left her, and, shrouded in laces, borne down by jewels, all traces of spiritual life were extinguished, and her soul suffocated by the very gifts she had so earnestly coveted, laid cold and torpid in the drear insensibility of death.

We now approached a corner of the room, where a gentle girl sat unnoticed, and alone. Her face was not strictly handsome, yet there was a depth of expression in her eyes, and a calm serenity in her aspect, which immediately fixed my attention. The fair coronal of youth encircled her head, yet beneath it could be seen, on her forehead, the impress of high and noble thoughts. She sought not admiration—she cared not for display; but she earnestly coveted every grace, that she might be the better fitted for her Master’s service. As the Savior drew near, and pressed upon her the solemn question, “Lovest thou me more than these?” a sudden change took place in her whole appearance. Her calm and thoughtful eyes, beamed radiant with the fervor of a more than earthly love, and her whole being seemed to grow instinct with life. Turning towards him a face, in which truth and devotion shone in loveliest characters, she gently laid one hand upon her heart, and bowing her head in humble adoration, she murmured, “Lord, thou knowest all

things, thou knowest that I love thee." A look of unutterable affection was the only reply, but cheered, comforted, strengthened, she went on her way rejoicing.

But we cannot follow the application of this soul-revealing test, to every individual character. The author, whose fame depended upon a work, more brilliant in thought than Christian in purpose, sought for exemption, till his reputation was established, and his success no longer doubtful. The mother, whose daughters were to be advantageously settled in life, prayed for postponement, till she had secured, in her meshes, some rich and unsuspecting suitor; the Politician promised, when a successful election had secured to him a comfortable office, to abjure all mean and deceitful practices, and enlist under the Christian Banner of truth; the disciple, who, in the morning of life, had made solemn promises, which the evening found forgotten and unfulfilled, pleaded in extenuation, the desire of winning the world to the service of Christ, by showing the perfect compatibility of the latter, with a keen relish for all the follies and pleasures of the former;—but these, and a multitude of others, were passed by Jesus, with that sorrowful look, which alone indicated his displeasure. To the faithful friend, the aged Christian, the uncompromising disciple, he freely gave his passing benediction, and many a heart leaped exultant as it received the smile of his approbation, for being

"Faithful among the faithless found."

How many of us, as we read this imperfect sketch, can look up to Jesus with the calm confidence of truth, and say, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee."

MANY flowers open to the sun; but only one follows him in his course. Heart, be thou the sunflower; be not only open to thy God, but obey him too.

"Did He Love Jesus?"

BY E. L. E.

SUCH was the inquiry of a little girl, whose heart, we trust, has been won to the love of Jesus. She was talking with a friend about the books she had read, especially her poetic readings, and manifested much curiosity respecting the characters of the authors. She had seen some fragments of sweet poetry, by one Robert Burns, that pleased her very much, only there was something about it that made her doubt what the writer might be.

"Was he a good man?" was her first inquiry. Her friend replied that he was a manly, honorable, benevolent being, and was proceeding to give a cautiously fair description of the poet, when the little listener interrupted her, "Was he a *good man?*"

The same answer was again attempted, when the child, looking up with a serious, meditative face, asked, in a tone which seemed to imply that this question would suffice for all: "But, aunty, *did he love Jesus?*"

Her young mind had not yet felt the fascination of genius unallied to virtue, and it shrank from sentiments that lacked the purity which Christ had said should "see God."

"Did he love Jesus?" Would it not be well for older minds to make the same inquiry, when listening to the alluring words of silent book companions?

Young Christian brother or sister, did that hero, whose exploits held you so eagerly over the charmed page last night, evince to you the love of Jesus? Were he a living presence by your side, could you have taken sweet counsel in holy things with his spirit? Could you have asked Jesus to read with you the record of his words and actions? And when at last the book was laid aside, were you in such a frame as made communion with heaven natural and pleasant? It is a fearful power that genius possesses when that genius is

divorced from holiness; it is a subtle secret thing. It comes to us often with all the charm of lovely thoughts and exquisite fancies: we linger in the spell until unable to break it off at will, and then comes the coldness and the self-distrust—the sense of inward wrong—of wasted hours—of thoughts lost to that steady principle of simple honest doing which we so conscientiously resolved upon yesterday.

To some classes of minds, to leave, from motives of Christian duty, an attractive book unopened, would involve more real self-denial than the performance of many a work which seems to lay upon the doer a heavy cross. To relinquish one's intellectual tastes for Christ's sake, may be one of the severest trials a heart may have to bear. With such, a book's companionship has a vast influence for good or ill, and to resign its company will often be like the cutting off of a hand, or the plucking out of an eye. It has sometimes been a question with the writer of these suggestions, whether it is possible to maintain a spiritual walk with God, and yet be habitually familiar with authors, who give no evidence of the love of Jesus! Only a novice in the *way of holiness*, she would inquire of those whose feet have long trodden the blessed paths, what has been their experience respecting the reading of merely intellectual books, either for mental culture, or the gratification of literary tastes?

Then, after asking the question, the little girl's inquiry, "Did he love Jesus?" would seem to suggest a sufficient reply.

If we cannot ask Jesus to partake with us the intellectual entertainment, why should we remain a moment at the banquet? Or, rather, how should it be to us a banquet at all?

St. Paul said to the Corinthians, "I am determined to know nothing among you but Jesus Christ and him crucified."

Should we be ambitious for accomplishments an apostle could well resign! How, in all our searchings for truth and duty, do

we need to offer this prayer, "Lord, lead thou me into the ways of righteousness: show me a plain path, lest my feet go astray from thy testimonies."

Ministering Angels.

BY E. L. E.

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?"—SAINT PAUL.

WHERE are the angels? to mine eye
 No heavenly form appears,
 And, when I most could deem them nigh,
 No voice salutes mine ears.

 Are they above us? is the cloud
 That floats in yonder sky
 But a suggestive, beauteous shroud,
 That hides them from our eye?

 Are they around us? is the air
 With their rich presence fraught,
 Like unseen guests that listen there
 For each unwhispered thought?

 How do their ministrations come
 To want, and woe, and care,
 Through toil abroad, and rest at home,
 To bless salvation's heir?

 They must be near us—nearer e'en
 Than we ourselves have known,
 Perhaps without a veil between
 Their being and our own.

 It may be in some burdened hour,
 When else the heart had failed,
 Though all unrecognized, their power
 O'er evil hath prevailed.

 And when the soul in faith is free,
 And faint would rise and sing,
 We know not but the joy may be,
 An angel's ministering:

 Or, when the soul's high duty calls,
 From some fond trust for aye,
 The tear in secret woe that falls,
 An angel wipes away.

 'T were sweet to know that heaven had sent,
 Such precious aid to me,
 And, where I pitch my earthly tent,
 An angel's place will be.

 I'd love, when lonely toil is mine,
 To feel such helpful care,
 Or, kneeling at devotion's shrine,
 To find an angel there.

I would not fear my sinless guest,
Did but his wing of light,
O'ershadow all my trembling breast,
And make its darkness bright.

I want an angel, if my Lord,
Such minister would send,
A monitor of thought and word—
A guardian, guide, and friend.

I want to be an angel too,
In that far world of bliss,
When love the sinless never knew,
Hath won my soul from this.

A brief Address to all the Readers of the "Guide."

BELOVED BRETHREN:—Will you receive a few practical suggestions, from one who offers them with great diffidence, and yet with an ardent desire to promote the honor of Jesus, by helping to spread the flame of vital godliness and Christian purity, over all the land? The special point to which these remarks will be confined, is that of *shedding the light upon others, as God has shed it upon you.*

1. The "Guide," already embraces, in its widening circle of readers, a large number who have a living experience in the deep things of God. To such this appeal is made. Dear brethren, the matchless grace of God has done *much* for you, and your hearts swell with unspeakable gratitude, as you review it. You have bathed your souls in the all-cleansing fountain of purity, and bleached out your stains in Jesus' precious blood! But have you "witnessed a good confession," whenever the Spirit has prompted? The Lord's will, on this point, has been clearly revealed: "With the heart, man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."—Romans x. 10. It not only honors God, by magnifying the riches of his grace, but is indispensable to our own prosperity, to confess Jesus fully and frankly in his true relation to us. Nor is this all. Thousands around us, who are honestly endeavoring to live for heaven, may be led on to

the higher walks of Christian experience, by a clear and frequent relation of the way in which the Lord has led us into the fulness of his love. Let none view such a testimony in the light of vain boasting, or construe this appeal into an effort to multiply exalted *professions* of piety. We are *afraid* of high-sounding professions, in the absence of the *living essence* of what is proclaimed to others. What we plead for, is this: *Let Jesus be faithfully represented.* If he saves to the uttermost, let us confess the *facts in the case.* Let it be done in the depths of humility, and yet with a definiteness that shall leave a truthful impression on all who hear.

2. For the same reason that Christ is to be acknowledged with the *lips*, it doubtless becomes the duty of many Christians to confess him with their *pen*. To many of you God has committed *talents* peculiarly adapted to this work. Here is a sacred trust, linked with solemn responsibility. Many have felt it, and acted accordingly. But many more have shrunk from the clearly-revealed convictions of duty, in this respect, by their long-continued silence. Perhaps the light that *was* in them has already begun to wane, by yielding so long to the shrinkings of nature. Allow me to make this suggestion: Let those who have both gifts and grace, as they may find it convenient, communicate the dealings of God with their souls, for publication in the Guide. Especially would we urge this in reference to those whose experience is *clear and satisfactory, and likely in any manner to illustrate some peculiar point in a life all consecrated to God.* Remember, a living *experience*, backed up by a holy life, is the most powerful style of preaching, in the entire range of religious truth. If communicated in a proper form, you may speak to thousands in a single breath, and speak to their positive edification.

3. In all communications of Christian experience, *keep the special object in view*, and labor with a single eye for its realization. Remember, all the minute details of

your conversion and subsequent history, are not desired. There is neither room for their insertion, nor sufficient general interest in them to receive the attention of so many readers. The great object of this publication is to "guide" all its readers into

"The land of rest from imbed sin,
The land of perfect holiness."

Hence, the great doctrine and experience of *inward purity* is the specific point around which your thoughts and expressions will revolve. Unless there is something very marked attending your experience, preceding your convictions for a clean heart, it will generally be desirable to pass by this elementary portion, with such allusions only, as are deemed necessary to the subject in hand. Studiously endeavor to bring out something that shall serve to elucidate the doctrine of entire sanctification, and help others into its possession. At all events, let the *matter* be strictly conformed to the facts in the case. Neither *underrate* the real work of grace, nor *overdraw* the picture, but let it be a portrait so truthful as to find its counterpart in the inner life! You will then dare to meet it in the community where you are known, and it will only add to your strength in God.

4. Will you please pay a little attention to the *manner* of your productions? *Be concise.* Express what you mean, and no more. Preserve your own *style* as much as may be, for the sake of variety. You may feel impressed to lay special stress on some particular features in your experience, which will prove an unspeakable aid to others. There are points enough to be canvassed, embracing your first convictions, your progress in carrying them out, your unreserved surrender, the death-struggles of the old man, the all-conquering faith that claimed the prize and brought the witness of perfect love, and the beauties, crosses and triumphs of the narrow way. *Some or all* of these points may be brought out, in such a manner as not to extend the articles to an undue length.

Above all, write for the glory of God, and under the anointing influences of the Holy Spirit. Then will your words come forth baptized in the sweetness of love, and clothed with celestial fire. Then will they burn their way to the heart and conscience, and accomplish the object your longing hearts desire. But this state can only be realized by an habitual walking with God. To avoid *staleness in expression*, the spirit must be moistened by a fresh unction from above, day by day. We must constantly drink at the fountain head, and *live out a new experience, each succeeding day.* What a charm of interest and a winning power, will then attend our testimony! Then, indeed, shall we be lights in the world, that will *burn as well as shine!*

In the bonds of perfect love,

A. A. PHELPS.

Lima, N. Y., Feb. 22, 1858.

We earnestly commend the foregoing to the attention of our readers. It is from the pen of our newly engaged Sub-editor, to whom has been specially confided the department of Christian Experience. It contains suggestions which should not only be read, but *studied* by those who propose to write for the public eye.

Eds.

Holiness without Power.

BY. MRS. E. R. WELLS.

THERE is a kind of holiness professed in the church, that staggers the confidence of many. A large class profess that at such a time, under such circumstances, God, for Christ's sake "cleansed them from all sin;" they speak of it in the social meeting, and at times, in more public means of grace, and it is understood among their acquaintances, that they are the exponents of this blessed doctrine. At the same time, they are weak and feeble as infants—powerless for good. They may possess what might be termed a *negative* holiness, refraining from outward acts of inconsistency—punctual upon all the duties of religion, both social and private, and yet what are they more than others; without life or energy,

sufficient to assist the feeblest or strengthen the weakest of their brethren.

We look for a higher and more extended range of usefulness from those who walk in the highway of holiness. We expect of the merely *justified* soul, that he *live without committing actual sin*—this he *must* do, if he retain his justification; we look that he *grow in grace daily*—this he *must* do if he fall not out by the way; that he *regularly and importunately* plead with God, at least three times in a day—this he *must* do, if he thrive and grow up to the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus; we expect that he be *faithful* upon all the means of grace in his power—this he *must* do, if he would let his light shine; we expect that “*as* he received Christ Jesus the Lord, so he will walk in him,” that, with the same earnestness and zeal, the same self-abandonment and trust, with which he received the Lord, when first he sought him, he must continue to abide in him, else he is broken off. And now if all this is expected, and must be met, in a soul *justified* and growing in grace, what ought we to look for in one professing holiness? Certainly nothing more in their outward walk—for the *justified* soul, sinneth not; the *lowest* type of a Christian lives without committing actual sin; the veriest *babe* in Christ has *no condemnation*, for there is none to them that are *in* Christ Jesus; and as days and years advance, can he be *less a Christian*, than when first born into the kingdom?

Surely we do not look, that he be *more* than faithful, in the performance of duty, that he *exceed his ability* in these observances. God neither expects or demands more of him in these respects, than of his brethren, who profess pardon and regeneration.

Then wherein lies the difference, aside from the conquest of sin in the heart, and its entire removal? We answer, *in the increased power for doing good*. Says a recent writer, “the powerless Christian

ought to be felt to be as great a misnomer as the forceless thunder-bolt,” and surely a *holy Christian* should be synonymous with a *powerful* one. When there are no foes within to quell; when the source of temptation is all from without, and the entire being instinctively repels assault; when this “warring of the Spirit against the flesh, and the flesh against the Spirit” has all ceased; when cleansed from all sin and filled with love; (for all this is done for the sanctified one;) what freedom from self, and how mighty the power to turn upon aggressive movements for God. God dwelling in them, for God is *love*; filled with God because filled with love! having the elements of Divinity within, who shall say, that *one* may not chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight? The justified soul is a king going forth to battle, but who has secret foes at home; his time and forces are divided between quelling insurrectionary movements among his subjects, and making aggressive onsets upon foreign enemies: but the sanctified one, is a king with peace and patriotism reigning in his borders, and his entire force in the field of conflict and advance.

Now we inquire, Can a soul thus saved be passive? Can he retain this blessing and not have *fruit* as his reward, his inheritance? Says the Savior, “Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear *much fruit*,” and who so well fitted thus to glorify God as he? How mighty his power in prayer! “If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what *ye will*, in my name, and I will give it you.” How all-conquering his love! it “goes out into the highways and hedges and *compels* them to come in.” How grasping his faith! “the arms of love, that compass him would *all* mankind embrace,” and he pleads for a *world*, that it may be brought back to God. Now the persons at first described, have none of these characteristics; they are doubtless *sincere*,—whence then, their mistake? We conceive it to be, to some extent, in their former *low*

notions of justification. They were once converted, and since, have maintained a tolerably consistent outward course, loving the house of God and its ordinances, and endeavoring to maintain the forms of piety: yet, all along, they have been painfully conscious of duties neglected, of sins committed; but seeing so many just like themselves, they have concluded they must be in the way to heaven, and in the enjoyment of the divine favor. At times, when a little more faithful than usual, they possessed an inward satisfaction, and a kind of joy, which they denominated religion, and dreamed on of heaven. They would refer to the hour of conversion, as the happiest and the brightest of all their life, forgetting God has said, "that the path of the just, is as a shining light, which shineth *more and more* unto the perfect day." They knew not that this satisfaction and joy was the same that the sinner has when he performs a good deed—the mere approval of conscience, just so far, as they did duty and were faithful; they knew not that the grace they possessed as the fruit of the gracious intercession of Christ, was a *restraining* and not a *saving* grace: of this they were ignorant, and reckoned themselves the saved of the Lord. At times, they had misgivings, it is true, but looking around among the mass of professed Christians, and finding so many like unto themselves, they slept on again.

But soon, perhaps, they are aroused—some extra means of grace, in a revival, at a camp-meeting, or by some providence of God, and they *seek for more religion*—seek a *deeper work of grace*—seek *holiness*. They bemoan their negligence and sins, and reconsecrate themselves to God, and plead for a clean heart. God hears them, peace and joy spring up within, a consciousness of the approbation of their Heavenly Father fills the soul. And now they ask, *what is this blessing?* I was pleading for a clean heart, and God blessed me. "If I ask bread, will he give me a stone? or, if I ask a fish, will he give me

a serpent?" I feel nothing now but love in my heart, it must then be this very blessing. Soon hearing the duty of confession urged, they take upon themselves this holy profession.

Now we conceive their mistake at the outset to be this,—they should seek the *reclaiming power of grace, renewal from wandering*. This had been in heart, if not in life, perhaps both, and *pardon* is what they needed, and it was this sense of guilt that impelled them to "bemoan their negligence and sins, and reconsecrate themselves to God." The *clearly justified* soul, seeking holiness, has no sense of *guilt*, but of *depravity*; the witness of the Spirit that he is a child of God, is as clear as it was at the moment that that witness testified at the first, of sins forgiven, and his consecration is no more perfect, than it was in that hour, when he gave himself to God. It differs from it somewhat, it is true, in that he consecrates himself now, with greater light and in view of peculiar duties, and increased responsibilities. But the person before described, has no such views; his is the view of past failures, and his consecration has reference alone to them.

"But," says one of the above class, "if I was *sincere*, how is it, that God allows me to be thus deceived?" Take this illustration. An enlightened sinner, one, who has been reared under religious influences, is pleading as he seeks God, for a regeneration that will give him lofty vantage-ground, for all the strength and power of an advanced Christian. God pardons and blesses him. Does he answer fully his prayer? Is he not a babe in Christ? Has he not to be fed by the sincere milk of the word, that he may grow thereby, before he can endure meat? or before he can become a man, and attain to the fulness of stature? He receives all he can comprehend; he knew not what he asked. God has his order in saving men, and he follows it strictly. In our weakness and blindness, we would pervert the ways of the Lord,

still he follows his designs, and gives us what seemeth him good.

A brother once proposed this question to the writer, "If you were seeking the blessing of holiness, and God blessed you powerfully, what would you call that blessing?"

We replied, "If, previous to this, I had been living in the discharge of all my duties, if I had daily grown in grace, and in the knowledge of God, my consecration remaining perfect and entire, with an abiding consciousness of acceptance, and yet a deep sense of depravity; and becoming convicted for a clean heart, the removal of inbred corruption, that I might more perfectly serve God and glorify his name, was groaning to be delivered; if, in *this* state, I received by faith while pleading for this blessing, a baptism, I could not fail to call it perfect love, entire sanctification, or the blessing of holiness; for I should have the witness within myself, in that very baptism, but in any state less or beneath this, I should call it, *restoration to divine favor*, whatever I may have been asking."

That one professing holiness, who is powerless for good, or not in advance of his justified brethren, may well take alarm, and institute rigid self-examination; and a strict retrospection of the state in which he was when he sought and professed to receive this blessing. "Was I a backslider needing pardon when I sought holiness," he may ask himself, "or while possessed of a filial relation was I prompted to seek after a more strict conformity to God and his law, from the feeling that

"'T is worse than death my God to love;
And not my God alone."

If on examination he should find himself to be of the former class, let him not be disheartened, or turned out of the way. The blood flows! it speaks to-day before the throne! its stream cleanseth! wash and be clean.

Were all professing this attainment,

baptized with the Holy Ghost—the gift of power; did they sympathize with Immanuel, Jesus in his sufferings and labors, their hearts all sensitiveness in regard to a perishing world—panting to bring sinners back to God, how soon would Zion put on strength! how soon would the world see the glorious sight of a multitude moved by one impulse, and burning with common zeal, going forth to conquest and to victory! while a world redeemed would be the issue of such advance. O, for the baptism of power upon the Church!

The writer does not intend to teach, (so we are informed in a private note,) that the blessing of entire sanctification may not be received at the same time that justification, or a restoration to the divine favor is bestowed. On this point, she would accord with Mr. Wesley, that, while the thing is possible, it is not God's ordinary method of dealing with men.

Her simple aim, if we understand it, is to show that persons convicted, in seasons of religious revival, of deficiencies, and actual transgressions, are frequently led, without that sense of a want of inward conformity to the Divine image, which constitutes the leading element in conviction for holiness, to use petitions, expressive of deep desires for entire purity; and when they receive that which their conviction embraces, i. e., pardon, they mistake it for a higher and holier grace. That such self-deception is possible, none will deny. It behooves us, then, to inquire how we may guard against it. It seems to us this may be done, in part, by a reference to our previous state and exercises, that is, the nature of our convictions, consecration, faith, etc., but primarily, by the testimony of God's Spirit with our own. Am I conscious that Christ reigns within me, to the exclusion of every rival? Have I

"A heart, resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
And Jesus reigns alone?"

Is my love without fear? Is my faith without doubt? Is my resignation without a mixture of self-will? Is my gentleness without a touch of anger? In short, are my graces perfected so that I may now be said to love the Lord God with all my heart, might, mind,

strength, and my neighbor as myself? If so, and accompanying all this, "the Spirit that he hath given us," bears testimony that I am of God, in this higher sense, I may, and should, with boldness, confess it to the praise of his grace. The evil that our sister seeks to rectify inflicts a two-fold injury:—it injures the cause, by leading many to believe that what is denominated holiness is nothing but a reclamation, from a backslidden state; and it injures the individual concerned, by inducing him to rest short of a state of grace, which, if attained, would not only endue him with increased power in the cause of his Master, but would preserve him from those numerous falls and failures which have saddened his former experience. An evil of such magnitude cannot be too closely guarded against. We shall be pardoned, then, if, to our own reflections, we append a short extract from Mr. Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection. See Wesley's Works, vol. vi. pp. 504, 5.—[EDS.]

"Q. When may a person judge himself to have attained this?

"A. When, after having been fully convinced of inbred sin, by a far deeper and clearer conviction than that he experienced before justification, and after having experienced a gradual mortification of it, he experiences a total death to sin, and an entire renewal in the love and image of God, so as to rejoice evermore, to pray without ceasing, and in every thing to give thanks. Not that 'to feel all love and no sin' is a sufficient proof. Several have experienced this for a time, before their souls were fully renewed. None, therefore, ought to believe that the work is done, till there is added the testimony of the Spirit, witnessing his entire sanctification as clearly as his justification.

"Q. But whence is it that some imagine they are thus sanctified, when in reality they are not?

"A. It is hence: they do not judge by all the preceding marks, but either by part of them, or by others that are ambiguous. But I know no instance of a person attending to them all, and yet deceived in this matter. I believe there can be none in the world. If a man be deeply and fully convinced, after justification, of inbred sin; if he then experience a gradual mortification of sin, and afterward an entire renewal in the image of God; if to this change, immensely greater than that wrought when he was justified, be added a

clear, direct witness of the renewal; I judge it as impossible this man should be deceived herein as that God should lie. And if one whom I know to be a man of veracity testify these things to me, I ought not, without some sufficient reason, to reject his testimony.

Religion in Business.

RELIGION is the art of being and doing good, and the school for the learning of this art is not in the closet, but in the world—not some hallowed spot, where religion is taught, and where proficients when duly trained are sent forth into the world—but the world itself—the coarse, profane, common world, with its cares and temptations, its rivalries and competitions, its hourly, ever-recurring trials of temper and character.

This is an art which all can practise, and for which every profession and calling, the busiest and most absorbing, afford scope and discipline. When a child is learning to write, it matters not of what words the copy set to him is composed, the thing desired, being that, whatever he writes, he learn to write *well*. When a man is learning to be a Christian, it matters not what his particular work in life may be; the work he does is but the copy line set to him; the main thing to be considered, is, that he learn to live well. The form is nothing, the execution everything.

It is true indeed, that prayer, reading, meditation, the solemnities and services of the church, are necessary to religion, and that these can be practised only apart from secular life. But it is to be remembered, that all such exercises do not terminate in themselves. They are but steps in the ladder to heaven, good only as they help us to climb. They are but means to an end, and that end can perhaps be best attained by him whose life is a busy one, whose avocations bear him daily into contact with his fellows, into the intercourse of society, into the heart of the world. No one can be a thorough

proficient at navigation who has never been at sea; no man has become a soldier by studying books on military tactics in his closet; he must in actual service acquire those habits of coolness, courage, discipline, address, rapid combination, without which, the most learned in the theory of strategy or engineering will be but a school-boy soldier after all. In the same way, the man of solitary study may become a most learned theologian, or may train himself into the timid, effeminate piety of what is technically called the "religious life." But never, in the highest, holiest sense, can he become a *religious man*, until he has acquired those habits of daily self-denial, of resistance to temptation, of kindness, gentleness, humility, sympathy, active beneficence, which are to be acquired only in daily contact with mankind.

Religion is not a perpetual moping over good books—is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinances; these are necessary to religion—no man can be religious without them. But I repeat, religion is mainly and chiefly the glorifying of God amid the duties and trials of the world—the guiding oar amid the adverse winds and currents of temptation, by the star-light of duty, and the compass of divine truth—the bearing us wisely, manfully, courageously for the honor of Christ, our Leader, in the great conflict of life.—[REV. JOHN CAIRD, in a Sermon before Queen Victoria and the Prince.

CHRISTIAN JOY.—There is a sad want, in our present Christian experience, of that joy of the Lord, which is our strength. There must be more of this joy, and it must be more habitual if the church of Christ would be strong to convert the world; would be prepared to teach transgressors the way of the Lord, so that sinners may be converted unto him; for that is the meaning of the Psalmist, taking what is individual, and applying it, as we must, to the church universal, as the source of her power over men.—[Dr. Cheever.

To Professors of Sanctification.

BY W. B. O.

1 STUDY your Bible.	Ps. xix. 7. 2. Tim. iii. 16. 17.
2 Pray in secret.	Matt. vii. 11.
3 "Mind what you say."	Prov. iv. 23. James, iii. 2.
4 Avoid self-praise.	Prov. xxvii. 2. Jno. vii. 18.
5 Be Temperate.	Rom. viii. 12. 13. 14.
6 Be Patient.	Luke xxi. 19. Jas. i. 4.
7 Be Plain.	1 Peter iii. 3. 4.
8 Be Humble.	Matt. xx. 26. 27. 28.
9 Be Faithful.	Mark xiii. 13.
10 Work, Work.	Eccles. ix. 10.

Search out the above passages of Scripture, and make a personal application of each. Pray, dear friends, for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the ministers of Christ. We must have more of the *spirit* in the ministry, before the *church* will advance rapidly. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

Look to Jesus as you fly
Onward, onward, to the sky;
He will help you every day,
If you'll only watch and pray.

THE CULTURE OF THE GOSPEL.—The fears, hopes, the remembrances, the anticipations, the inward and outward experience, the belief and the faith of a Christian, form, of themselves, a philosophy and a sum of knowledge, which a life spent in the grace of Academus, or the painted Porch, could not have attained or collected together.—[Coleridge.

"GIVE AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN UNTO YOU."—The Italian form of begging is, do good to yourselves.

THE pains of a noble soul are the May-frosts of life; the pains of the wicked are the frosts of autumn, they precede the punishment of winter.

The great Revival.

The following summary of the great revival now in progress all over the country, we clip from the Boston Journal. The devotement of so large a space to such intelligence in a daily secular paper is a very significant fact.

THE religious interest to which we have alluded in our summary of religious intelligence for some weeks past as existing in various sections of New England, as well as in other parts of the country, has increased and extended itself, during the past two or three weeks, until it may now be said to pervade, to a greater extent than for nearly a quarter of a century before, the whole land. Our exchanges, secular as well as religious, bring to us, day after day, accounts of revivals so extensive as to arrest the attention of the entire communities in which they occur, and which are resulting in conversions by scores, and in some places by hundreds. It is the opinion of the older members of the churches in our midst that no revival, equal in extent and power to that which the churches are now enjoying, has past over the country since the "great awakening" in New England in the days of Jonathan Edwards, and the present work far exceeds that, in its extent. It is not marked by the intense enthusiasm and excitement that followed the preaching of Whitefield, or the revivals at the beginning of the present century, in which various physical convulsive demonstrations were witnessed among persons under conviction of sin, but, on the contrary, it everywhere gives evidence of calmness, and freedom from wild and unregulated excitement. An unusual enthusiasm prevails, but there are no violent or extraordinary demonstrations anywhere. So far as we can judge from the accounts which have come under our observation, these revivals have, in almost every instance, commenced in the churches. The professed people of God have been made to feel the need of a more entire personal

consecration to the work and service of their Master; they have felt their dependence upon God for all spiritual blessings, and have had a stronger and more practical faith in the efficacy of prayer. Feeling thus, they have been more faithful in prayer—in the social meeting—in the family and in the closet, and God, in answer to their prayers, has graciously granted his rich blessing. Men of the world—those whose minds have heretofore been wholly engrossed in business and pleasure, and who have given no thought to religious matters, have been made to feel, during the past few months, as they have never felt before, the instability of earthly possessions, and in this way their minds have been prepared to consider more candidly and seriously than ever before, the claims of God, their Heavenly Father, to the supreme homage, and to the best affections of their hearts.

Up to the present time, there has been less of a general interest in this city, than many other places in New England and in New York city. The interest here is believed to be increasing. The numbers attending the daily morning prayer meeting at the Old South Chapel, have during this week very much increased—so much so, that the chapel has been crowded, and many have been obliged to stand, and the interest has been such, that the services have been lengthened an extra fifteen minutes. Full three-fourths of the audiences at these meetings are active business men. The attendance at the afternoon prayer meeting has also much increased, and yesterday afternoon the Park street Vestry was nearly full. A new Union prayer meeting, has also been started in the Bowdoin square Church Vestry, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Yesterday afternoon, there were from one to two hundred persons present, and the meeting was one of much solemnity and interest. The prevailing spirit at these prayer meetings yesterday, seemed to be that Boston was about to share very much

more largely in the revival, than it has yet done, and for this result much earnest prayer was offered.

Besides the morning prayer meeting at the Old South Chapel (to which allusion has been made) and the afternoon prayer meetings at Park street Church and Bowdoin square Church, there was a religious service at eleven A. M., yesterday, at Park street Church, at which Rev. Mr. Finney delivered a very able sermon. The attendance was large, nearly filling the church. In the evening, Rev. Mr. Day preached at the Salem street Church, at which it was stated, at the morning prayer meeting yesterday, there are indications of a powerful work. In most of the vestries of the Congregational Churches, the usual preparatory lectures for the communion, which takes place next Sunday, were preached in the evening. St. Paul's Church was also opened yesterday afternoon for divine service, which was conducted by the rector, Rev. Dr. Vinton. It is expected that, during the coming week, a room will be obtained in the vicinity of State street, and a business men's prayer meeting, to continue from twelve to one o'clock P. M., be established.

There is an extended and powerful yet quiet revival of religion in Rev. Mr. Langworthy's church in Chelsea, where Mr. Finney has been preaching a portion of the time, for some few weeks past. Mr. Langworthy stated, at the Park street meeting yesterday afternoon, that the work was deepening and extending itself, bringing in those who have heretofore been sceptical in regard to the truths of the Bible. A large number of conversions have taken place.

At Newburyport, the revival which has prevailed with so much power for some weeks past, still continues. The meetings are crowded, and marked by deep solemnity.

New Bedford is another place which has very largely shared in the revival. The Mercury of yesterday says, in regard to the interest in that city:

"The Union Conference Meeting at the North Christian Church last evening, was more fully attended than either of the previous meetings, the vestry, as well as the main part of the building, being crowded. Rev. Mr. Girdwood opened the services in the former, and Rev. Mr. White in the church above; the aisles were full, and hundreds unable to get in. Some thirteen or fourteen churches are now holding meetings on week-days, and this includes four churches of our colored brethren. The Trinitarian, Pleasant street, M. C., and Pacific Congregational churches hold meetings in the morning. The interest continues to increase, and about six hundred converts have already been brought into the fold since the present revivals began."

We might fill columns of space in recording revivals in various portions of New England, and other parts of the country, but we have not room to do so. These accounts stretch from Maine to California.

Our New York correspondent has, during the week, given our readers almost daily accounts of the truly wonderful revival which is being enjoyed in that city. It is a significant indication of the hold which this movement has taken upon the public attention, that such a paper as the New York Herald, should devote several columns to reports of the daily prayer meetings. The Tribune also, a few days since, had six columns of reports of the meetings in that city and other places, and a day or two after, another detailed report indicating the progress of the work. The conductors of the Press are generally good judges of what most interests the great mass of the public, and generally try to give their readers the latest information, upon the matters which, for the time being, most deeply interest them. In this light, the course of the papers alluded to, in giving up, day after day, columns of room to reports of the religious meetings, shows to what an extent the community are interested in the matter. The Independent, in

speaking of the interest in that city, says :

"It is now more than twenty years, since New York was the scene of so general a revival of religion as is now in progress. Indeed, the present work of grace, is already more extensive and more impressive, than were the memorable seasons from 1830 to 1835. The glad vision of the prophet is realized, and converts fly as clouds and as doves to their windows. Already the conversions of the past winter, may be numbered by tens of thousands.

"The most efficient agencies in the present work of grace have been the prayer meeting and personal conversation with the impenitent by private Christians. No grand machinery of effort at revival has been set in motion; no professed revivalists have been employed; no combinations for union have been framed; but Christians have come together with one heart for prayer and praise; and those who have heretofore labored for Christ only by proxy, have begun personal effort for the salvation of souls. This new development of Christian activity, and of the resources of the churches in the piety and zeal of their individual members, must be of lasting benefit. Indeed, if these efforts shall continue in the spirit of humility and faith, we see not why the scenes of Jerusalem, of Samaria, and of Antioch, should not be renewed in New York. God presses home upon every Christian, his personal responsibility for the conversion of souls to Christ. Are you doing your duty?"

In another article, speaking more in detail, it says:

"In this city the progress of the work is most encouraging. The Methodist churches, particularly, have been greatly stirred. A Christian of this denomination remarked to us recently, that there was hardly a Methodist church in New York or Brooklyn, that was not in the full tide of a revival. Their ministers say that they have never witnessed an equal work of grace. In the Congregational churches, extra

prayer meetings are held, in the Broadway Tabernacle, in this city, the Church of the Pilgrims, and Plymouth Church, Brooklyn; and, in Dr. Cheever's, services are held every night in the week. Nineteen persons have been propounded to be received into this church next Sunday, on profession of faith. In the reformed Dutch churches, revivals are in vigorous progress, with fruits already gathered. Among the Old School Presbyterian churches we have heard of no special indications of awakening, while, in several of the New School, large numbers of conversions have recently occurred.

"On Sunday last—though not a general day of communion—large accessions were made to a few churches in both cities. In the North Presbyterian Church, New York, Rev. Dr. E. F. Hatfield, pastor, an interesting scene was witnessed. Seventy-four persons were publicly received into the church, *sixty-eight* of whom made a profession of faith. Of the latter, twenty-seven were heads of families, and twenty-two under twenty years of age, many of whom are connected with the Sabbath School. Since the new house of worship, belonging to this church, was completed, (about eleven months ago,) one hundred and fifty additions have been made to the membership, eighty-five being on profession; and in all, three hundred have united since the pastor began his labors, two years ago. In the First Baptist Church of Brooklyn, in Nassau street, on Sunday evening, twenty-two persons were baptized. The building was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the scene, during the performance of the ceremony, was one of unusual solemnity. In the Methodist Church in Sands street, Brooklyn, of which Rev. Dr. John Miley is pastor, about fifty were received on probation. In the Hanson-place Methodist Church, Brooklyn, there have been more than a hundred recent conversions; in St. Paul's Methodist Church, Jersey City, about an equal number; and in the Methodist Church at Harlem, nearly the

same. In the Five Points, the Mission Chapel, under the care of the Rev. N. Mead, has, for some time past, been crowded by the inhabitants of that district, more than twenty of whom have professed penitence and conversion. In Brooklyn, a whole family of Jews recently embraced Christianity. Religious meetings, and also temperance meetings, have been for some weeks past held on board of the United States frigate North Carolina, at the Navy Yard, at one of the former of which fifty sailors came forward to be prayed for.

"Nearly twenty extra prayer meetings, confined to no particular church, are now held at different places in New York and Brooklyn. Such a general awakening has never before occurred in this city, and its progress is watched with increasing interest every day."

The Tribune, of Thursday, mentions the following very interesting incident connected with the movement in that city:

"We understand that, in connection with the stores and counting-rooms of several of our most prominent merchants, private prayer meetings have been recently organized for the benefit of the clerks and other employees. They are held in some retired place in the building, secure from public intrusion, and have been of great interest and profit to those who have attended. Some years ago, a young man from New England came to this city, and was employed as a clerk in a large dry goods house down town. Shortly after his engagement, he came to his employer with the statement that some of the clerks were seriously interested in the subject of personal piety, and requested that a small upper room in the building might be set apart and furnished, to be used exclusively as a place of retirement, to which the various individuals connected with the establishment, might resort for religious conversation, reading of the Scriptures, and prayer. This request was immediately granted, and the room was used for years for this only purpose, resulting in the con-

version of a large number of the persons who, during that time, came in and went out of the employ of the establishment. The similar facts to which we have just referred, are an indication that the present prevalent revival is taking an unusually strong hold upon the mercantile community."

A Witness of Perfect Love Brought Out.

BY MRS. PALMER.

THE DIFFICULTY ASCERTAINED.

"HE loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue." So said a minister, who was presiding over a camp meeting, then in progress, as he called our attention to a man of piety, whose benevolent, Christian heart was ever leading him to noble deeds, becoming the Christian name. This devoted Christian gentleman, with many other seekers of perfect love, was humbly kneeling, pleading with God, and this earnest minister expressed a desire that we should converse with him. We had conversed but a short time, before we discerned the difficulty. The blessing of entire sanctification is received by faith, and yet the precise point of time, when that faith is definitely brought into exercise, may not be as marked in the case of some, as with others. But, we think it a vain effort to urge seekers to the exercise of that faith, by which alone the blessing is received, without previously ascertaining whether they are on the ground on which God has promised to receive. But there are many, I am persuaded, on this ground, who do not appropriate the promises, and, therefore, do not obtain the witness, that they are cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit. Too many pause here, as though they had reached a point, from which they cannot proceed. There they linger, as though in helpless attitude, saying,

"I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee."

And thus we found it with the beloved brother in Jesus, to whom our attention had been directed.

ALL CONSECRATED BUT HIS WILL.

He was all consecrated with the exception of his will. He had been waiting, that the Holy Spirit should first speak to him, in some other way, than by the sure word of prophecy. In a word, he had been waiting for a sign or wonder, and while he had been thus lingering, the Savior had chidingly, been saying to him, "Except ye see signs and wonders ye will not believe."

But it is possible, also, to be consecrated, without being fully aware of the *precise* moment when we were enabled to make the surrender, yet no one should rest one hour without the knowledge that the last object is given up, and, if it has already, through grace, been done, then, though the precise point of time may not be known, it is *due* to the glory of grace, that the *fact* should be *acknowledged*, for God is jealous for his glory, and requires of all his creatures, the acknowledgment of every good that is in us, by Christ Jesus.

And the difficulty in the way of believing is, doubtless, with many, that the question, in regard to the *fact* of their entire sanctification, is still unsettled. On the part of this Christian brother, this was partially in the way, but the difficulty was easily removed in his case, the moment he resolutely subjected himself to the test of truth.

"Do you not love the Lord, your God, with all your heart, soul, mind, and strength?" we asked. He hesitated in answering the question, but, from what we observed of the evidently consuming ardors of his soul, and, from what we had heard said of the manifest absorbing devotion of his life, we felt quite sure that the question of supreme love to God might be settled at once.

HOW THE QUESTION WAS SETTLED, AND THE WITNESS RECEIVED.

If the world, with all its aggrandizements, its every conceivable pleasure, and

honor, were concentrated, and placed here, on one hand, and, on the other hand, were placed your once-despised Savior with all his disreputableness, his cross and ignominy, and the question were proposed, Which will you choose? Would you not spurn the world and, a thousand times sooner, say, Give me Jesus — the naked Savior and the cross? "O yes!" he unhesitatingly exclaimed. "And does not this prove that God has the supreme affections of your soul, and that you do, indeed, love him, with all your heart?" Most readily did his heart and lips respond to the fact of his supreme love to God, which he now saw might have been settled long before. What he had been seeking, was the witness of perfect love, and, now that he believed what God had done for him, and acknowledged the fact to the praise of God, he rejoiced with a "joy unspeakable and full of glory," and rose and acknowledged, before the assembled multitude, that he was enabled to love the Lord with all his heart, and from that hour he was recognized as a joyful witness of perfect love. We were about leaving that region, for another meeting; on parting with him, he said, You may hear from me again. The second hearing came in a few days, not by word of mouth, but in the form of a friendly epistle, the reading of which will, I am sure, delight every Christian heart.

THE OPEN TESTIMONY.

E——, Oct 5th, 1857.

MY DEARLY BELOVED SISTER P.

WHEN I said, on giving you the parting hand, that you might hear from me again, I had no idea of writing you so soon. But, as it is near the lapse of a week now, since the Lord sped your willing feet to enlighten and confirm me in the grace of sanctification, methinks you will rejoice with me, to know that the presence of the Lord has not been with me, since, as the pillar of fire, by night; neither has it been with me as a cloud by day, but as an unclouded sun. I have neither raptures nor transports,

but, when I muse on Jesus crucified, sometimes the fire burns and the tears flow, and the thought conceived, that, if destined to the most obscure corner of heaven, that when I will give utterance to the words, "Unto him that loved me, and washed me from my sins, in his own blood, to him be glory, etc.," the whole empire of the redeemed would pause, and look behind them. It would afford me much pleasure if you judge it expedient to give testimony for me at your present meeting. In hope of being one with you, and your loving and beloved husband, I remain yours,

P. S.

Love to Christ.

"I will love thee, O Lord, my strength."—
Psalm xix. 1.

NOT only the flowers unfold their petals to receive the light; the heart of man also has a power of expansion. It is love which opens it, and expands it, so that the rays of the spiritual sun may penetrate and illumine it. The Christian, in the work of self-examination, need not direct his attention to many points; all is included in the daily question, How is it with my love to Christ? That love to him is of great importance, we must conclude, since he in truth requires of us an affection for his own person, such as no one else ever claimed. O, Thou must be more than father and mother, than brother and sister, else how could'st thou, the lowliest among the children of men, lay claim to such superabundant love? Since I have believed in thy word, all my desire has been to love thee. I will not cease to love thee, till thou art dearer to me than father, mother, and brother! If they deny thee, if they revile thee—what is so dreadful as to see one's father or mother reviled at our side! but more than when they reproach father and mother, shall thy reproaches, thy wrongs, go to my heart.

Self-loathing is a characteristic of a spiritual mind.

Why should I be Holy?

BY REV. D. SHERMAN.

WHEREFORE should I, the church, the world, be holy? Men place twenty things before that of holiness of heart, and even in considering the gospel system, they range this topic last in the series of duties and privileges; but that is not God's judgment. The Bible lays the greatest stress on holiness, holding it up to the view of the church, urging it upon them, praying, exhorting, entreating the entire body of believers to receive this great boon, to claim this precious privilege. How is it that we are so blind to our highest good, so slow to embrace the panacea for all the ills that sin has caused, so suspicious of the great remedy which God himself has prepared, and has been at such infinite pains to render available to us? We try all other remedies first to find some resting-place out of God, but without avail. Like the dove from the ark, our souls find no rest; God will not suffer it to be. There must be strong reasons why the Bible, the Spirit, the Church, press us to be holy, since the Lord does nothing without a valid reason. Wherefore, then, should I be holy?

That I may attain a calm, steady peace and joy, a rich Christian experience, the full stature of a man in Christ Jesus, and be adorned with all the graces and excellencies of the religious life. What is it that disturbs my repose in God but sin, the upbraiding of a guilty conscience—the sense of wrong-doing, of departures from the Savior, of grieving the Holy Spirit? Why is my religious experience so variable, my repose of soul disturbed so often, the growth of my Christian life checked, and the work that was commenced so beautifully in my heart marred and deformed? There must be some foreign element, some inimical force warring against the highest and best interests of the soul, and this can be no other than sin. Were sin excluded,

the mind would find repose, a holy repose in God, as the centre of all good. No longer tossed about by every wind of doctrine, unmoved by the world's flatteries and frowns, safe anchorage would be found in the throne of the Highest.

We need to be holy because we approach a holy God, a holy heaven, a company of men and angels whose robes are unsmeared by sin. They love nothing so well as holiness. They cry, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty, heaven and earth are full of his glory." And from the throne issues the mandate to the militant host, "Be ye holy, for I am holy."—"Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." Reader, what do you, approaching heaven without holiness? True, heaven is a glorious place; more glorious, no doubt, than our dull faculties have yet been able to conceive; it is the residence of blessed angels, the palace of the great King, the temple of God himself, garnished and beautified as the dwelling-place of the good. But then you lack the faculty to perceive these excellencies. You are like the blind man entering the picture gallery—like the deaf at the concert—like those amid flowers, who have no sense by which to appreciate their perfume—like those without taste brought to sumptuous boards. Holiness is the tongue that tastes, the ear that hears, the heart that feels, the eye that sees God, and all the blessedness of his abode. Hence, said the Savior, in that inimitable Sermon on the Mount, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Reader, in what do you take pleasure? Do you find it in your merchandise, your worldly treasure, in your social position, in your learning or refinement? Alas! how soon will you leave these; and, if you have not a holy heart, a treasure laid up in heaven, some poor Lazarus will be richer than you, and will hold a more honorable place in Abraham's bosom. Yea, he will strike the angel harp while you are cast into outer darkness with the unclean and the abominable, where will be wailing and

gnashing of teeth. Are you disposed to say, Blessed is he that is rich, honorable, learned or reputable in this world, you have reason to fear that you will never realize the blessedness of the life above; since a mere worldly disposition, and spiritual enjoyment have no agreement. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

But, ere you reach heaven, you desire to do some good in the service of the Master. No one would live a useless life on earth. All desire to leave foot-marks in the sands of time,—

"Footprints that, perhaps, another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

All would find the stars in the crown at the coming of their Lord; and we gain those stars by holy living. It may be doubted whether our usefulness to men is not in exact proportion to the purity of our hearts. Men will not heed our words, our mere theories. They wait to see the fruits thereof in our lives. They can resist the stoutest logic, the most stirring exhortation; but not the earnest pleadings of a holy life, which speaks for Christ as well on the six secular days as on the seventh, and as well in the market place as in the church. Observe how holiness nerves his arm for toil; how it kindles his heart with Christian zeal, and gives him tact to devise plans to do good for Christ and men. Love to the souls for which Christ died fills and overflows his heart. He lives in a heavenly atmosphere, and moves under the same impulses that brought Jesus from heaven to suffer and die for the sins of men. "By the grace of God I am what I am, and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I labored more abundantly than they all, yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me."

A COAT OF ARMOR.—Religion is the best *armor* that a man can have; but the worst *cloak*.

A Hint to Preachers.

A CORRECTION upon a stereotype plate, must be more decisive for results, than if made in a single issue from it. A correction secured by the public teacher upon his own mind or heart, must be more momentous than upon that of the private individual. And surely this thought should practically be heeded, where not only moral character, and the highest temporal interests, but spiritual character and eternal interests are at stake. The gospel minister, should, therefore, not be surprised at the inspired direction, "Take heed unto thyself," nor be forgetful of the added fact, "In doing this, thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." If any one's zeal should be aroused to test self, it is that of the preacher.

A half-dime, held close to the eye, might cover a globe of light more than a million-fold larger than our earth. But if, standing in the sun, we could look back upon the little coin, it would appear scanty indeed. This life, or some idol of this life, may be held so close to the soul, as to shut out from the vision, eternity and heaven. But, by the soul's taking views as if it had already entered eternity, the objects of time and sense may appear in their insignificance; the permanent view of transitory things will be retrospective. Acting under this view, by anticipation, is a great secret of uncompromising ministerial faithfulness. It seems strange that the very one who holds the lamp of truth to guide others, should miss seeing things in the true light. But this may be the case, just so far as the business of holding that lamp is reduced to a "business," in the worldly sense, and is followed with a temporal end in view; whether that end be ease, a good name, a high salary, or aught else, with only a side glance at the saving effects of truth, letting spiritual results instead of earthly ones, be subsidiary or incidental. Thus ceases deep piety, and the qualification to teach deep piety.

O, how important is it, that the gospel minister, who is to impress other souls, should be heavenly-minded, should look at worldly things as from eternity! The stereotype-plate should be corrected.—[Christian Advocate and Journal.]

PREACHING.—Bunyan sometimes preached with such enlargement of soul, that he could speak as in a very flame of fire; and then again, was so straightened in his utterance, as if his head had been in a bag, all the time of the exercises. The truth is, the *heart* of the preacher is more apt to be in the bag than his head; and when his heart is there, then generally, as to effect, his head is there also. This experience of the bag, we are sorry to say, is rather more common than that of the seraphic enlargement of soul, which the love of Christ ought always to give us.—[Cheever.]

TEMPTATIONS.—Temptations, when we meet them, at first, are, as the lion that roared upon Samson; but, if we overcome them, the next time we meet them, we shall find a nest of honey in them.—[Bunyan.]

SUFFERING AS A DISCIPLINE.—The importance of suffering and self-denial, as elements of spiritual discipline, is never by us sufficiently considered. If we draw back from the baptism of suffering, we are not likely to be instrumental in the regeneration, either of the soul, or the literature of the world. How beautiful the language of Cowper:—

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

—[Cheever.]

"I know of no great expounder of moral principle, I know of no eloquent teacher of divine truth, who is more useful in God's world, than a business man, who carries his religion into his business."

God denies a Christian nothing, but with a design to give him something better.